Aum. God saue your Grace; I do beseech your Maiestie,
To haue some conference with your Grace alone.
King. Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs heere alone:
What is the matter with our Cosin now?
Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.
King. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how heynous ere it be,
To winne thy after loue, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then giue me leaue that I may turne the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
King. Haue thy desire.
The Duke of Yorke knocks at the doore, and cryeth.
Yorke. My liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
King. Villaine, Ile make thee safe.
Au. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause to feare.
Yorke. Open the doore, secure foole, hardy King,
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.
King. What is the matter vncle, speake, recouer breath,
Tell vs, how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it?
Yorke. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know,
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past,
I doe repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
Yorke. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe:
I tore it from the traitors bosome (King)
Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pitty him, lest thy pitty proue
A serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.
King. O heynous, strong, and bolde conspiracy!
O loyall father of a treacherous sonne!
Thou sheere immaculate and siluer Fountaine,

From

Line 11. That may turne.

From whence this streame through muddy passages
Hath hald his current, and defilde himselfe:
Thy ouerflow of good conuertes to bad;
And thy abundant goodnes shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.
Yorke. So shall my Vertue, be his Vices baude,
And he shall spend mine honour, with his shame,
As thriftles Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold:
Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamde life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kilst me in his life, giuing him breath,
The traytor liues, the true man's put to death.
Dut. What ho, my Liege for Gods sake let me in.
King. What shrill voyc'd suppliant makes this eger
Dut. A Woman, and thy Aunt (great King) 'tis I,
Speake with me, pitty me, open the doore,
A Beggar begs, that neuer begd before.
King. Our scene is alterd from a serious thing,
And now changde to the Beggar and the King:
My dangerous Cosin, let your Mother in,
I know she is come to pray for your foule sinne.
Yorke. If thou do pardon whosoeuer pray,
More sinnes for this forgiuenes, prosper may:
This festred ioynt cut off, the rest rest sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.
Dut. Oh King, beleeue not this hard-harted man:
Loue louing not it selfe, none other can.
Yorke. Thou frantike woman, what dost thou make he
Shall thy old dugs once more a traytor reare?
Dut. Sweete Yorke be patient; heare me gentle Lieg
King H. Rise vp good Aunt.
Dut. Not yet I thee beseech,
For euer will I walke vpon my knees,
And neuer see day that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy; vntill thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Vnto my mothers prayers I bend my knee.

Yo